

ONE WRONG.
Has the world gone wrong? I hear a child who is singing a happy song.
And across the way an anvil rings,
and yonder a maiden hurries along
with a look that only gladness brings.

Is the world gone wrong? I see the gleam
of love in a lover's eyes,
and yonder upon the wooden gate,
Where lovers have gazed at the starry skies,
sparrow cheeps to its little mate.

Is the world gone wrong? I hear the sounds
That men who are busy make,
hear the engines puff away,
And, strong in my body, I go to the little part that I have to play.

Is the world gone wrong? There's many a man.
When his work is done to-night,
Who will hurry away from care to see
Glad faces glow where hearts are lighted,
the world is good to them and me.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

HER FATE

By E. W. BARKSDALE.

(Copyright, 1901, by Authors Syndicate.)

MAN'S a stubborn brute at best. Put him in the wrong and he'll go through brimstone and fire before he will admit it; if he can't help it, and when he must, driven into a corner, he does it ungraciously, begrudgingly, surly and with ire that he has been found out.

They say this is the day and hour of woman's emancipation; that she thinks as she pleases, does as she likes, acknowledges no master. These things may be. It is not for mere writers of tales, however true, to cast discredit on a people's tenets, but it is certain that two loving hearts which beat as one down on the banks of the Wabash met with mutual tribulation for many weary months and came together only the other day because a girl's mother insisted on dominating her pretty daughter's love affairs and marrying "Pretty Nellie"—that's what all the likely young men thereabouts persisted in calling her—to the wrong suitor.

And pretty Nellie was ready, though weeping, to accept her fate. Which is quite wrong, of course, and deeply humiliating to poor Dan Cupid, who does the best he can, God bless him. Old man Dietrich was a boss carpenter, in a ruff sort of way. His cousin Fritz was a partner in his building affairs. Upon his own account Fritz did building for himself, his principal structure under contract being a rising hope that when he could afford it he would take his cousin Nellie, Dietrich's daughter, to be his dutiful and loving wife and gracious helpmate. Over and beyond certain dreams feminine, Miss Nellie was a bit of an heiress—for the Wabash country—and held prospects of becoming some day sole legatee of many fat acres of black loan school land.

Sisters, tall, handsome, broad-shouldered, honest-browed, was Dietrich. He and Nellie had the wealth—and most charming also—but they made, everybody interested declared, and in service once everybody was quite won to the boss carpenter him-
ming with complacence upon the feet of having Jess for a son-in-law. The young man had no money, you see, but he hoped to have some in that by and by, and he was won't to become an architect, so he dear man federal buildings and thus minx job. Neither he nor Nellie were content to wait, but as All is fair in love and war, and as Nellie's young, and as Nellie's mamma was obstinately opposed to her that at last, why, they waited per-

petually. One Saturday afternoon when the rich young man on the Dietrich farm, after lunch, paid up at nightfall to his weekly wage. The old man was paid off in hard cash and a few days. He was an honest soul, too, so soon have had a note given him, as "stand off" an employee in law. He shamed to break a \$20 gold-piece, as yet, to change, the paymaster the swindler, to break a \$20 gold-piece, as the latter had not studied it, but gave Dietrich his pockets, took the \$20, and an old note-book, put the coat on him, and went into the house to "wash up." Fritz's lost \$20 gold-piece.

Then he shouted for Nellie. Jess is back again. The down-hill gait has been reversed. Another chicken-pie is proposed at the Dietrich homestead, and half the population along the banks of the Wabash, far away, has been bidden to partake.

Quite a Relief. He—Clarice, you know I have always thought a great deal of you, and I have flattered myself you think not unfavorably of me. May I—will you be my wife?

She—What a start you gave me, Harry! Do you know, I thought you were going to ask me to lend you some money?—Boston Transcript.

It Proved Fatal. Lady—Aren't you the poor man to whom I gave a piece of my cake the other day?

Tramp—No'm; dat wuz me twin brother Bill. He croaked de next day after eatin' dat cake, an' I thought mebbe you'd gimme a quarter ter help erect a marble shaft to his mem'ry.—Chicago Daily News.

In many cases, Father Byrd called to one of the oldest pieces of advice. Father enough a happy strain. His rent what was the early condition of placed it in the schools in this violin-book in the pocket. He paid a glowing peg in the late Father Hogan, who the farm church of the Immaculate Jesus in West Bloomfield in 1862, town, then well known to the older wags, and Bloomfield parish which then stood in the Montclair parish get his name. He paid a fine tribute to his work, and he also spoke the attorney and the general saddle horses. The people of the saddle horses supported their rector in all that he did, and he gave them a

shed to call and feed the chickens. The young man hurriedly bade them good-by, quickly saddled his horse and rode away. Mother Dietrich was his pet aversion.

Scarcely had the sounds of Sander's horse's hoofs ceased ringing back from his gallop over the hill, than careful Cousin Fritz came hurrying to find his coat, his pocketbook and its golden contents, which he had momentarily forgotten. Hastening to assure himself his money was safe, he opened the pocketbook and found nothing. Then he uttered a cry and looked again, searching with trembling fingers for the invisible. Canby Cousin Fritz was a bit miserly, for a man so young. His loss smote him like a stab with a knife. Sweat bathed his face, and his hands shook, while his teeth chattered. Then he cried out again, and the two women came running to him. Nellie hoped and Mrs. Dietrich feared that Cousin Fritz had been suddenly stricken withague, which grows profusely on the banks of the Wabash, and is easily gathered by the unwary.

"What is it, Fritz?" they panted together.

"My money!" he gasped.

"Your money?"

"Yes; my \$20 gold-piece. It is gone. Somebody has stolen it. Who has been here in the last five minutes?"

Mrs. Dietrich looked pointedly at poor Nellie. Nellie flushed hotly and then turned very pale as she answered that look. Both of them knew very well who had been there. Only a moment before they had seen Jess in the shed, with that very coat in his guilty hands. The elder woman spoke first, and quickly:

"Why, Jess, he was here, a minute ago, after his saddle, I suppose. I saw him holding your coat. Perhaps he was brushing it off," she concluded, maliciously.

"O, mother, the idea that Jess would steal!" cried Miss Nellie, impetuously. Then she began to cry. Even in her eyes, so strong a glamour does circumstantial evidence cast, the facts were too strong for convincing denial.

Fritz hardly knew whether most to give his soul to joy or sorrow. On the one hand he would be rid of a hated rival. Upon the other his money was gone. Ah, but stay! Perhaps he could lose a rival and find his money too. He picked up the coat and empty pocketbook and grimly stalked away to tell old man Dietrich all about it.

Well, what could that good man and able boss carpenter do? He pooh-poohed the idea that Jess was a thief, but when that young man was accused by Fritz, openly, on the Monday following, when the carpenter's hands went to work, the foreman promptly knocked the junior partner down and would have worse treated him if Dietrich had not intervened. Jess was discharged. He narrowly missed indictment for larceny.

Then he might take her, and he blessed. And Fritz, he was overjoyed. There might be some lack of bloom in Nellie's fair cheek, but the bank account waxed apace, and the black loan acres were still fat-tenting.

So a wedding day was set, and the bells were bidden ready to ring. Poor Nellie.

When that notable housewife, Mama Dietrich, finally determined that yellow-legged chicken pie should grace the board at the wedding dinner, Papa Dietrich went to select and behead the victims. He stopped at the woodshed to get his ax. Although a boss carpenter, he lost his hold of the handle as he seized it, and it fell, glancing, casting up dirt and chips from the earthen floor as its blade descended sharply. Then, where the ax had fallen and raised this woodshed commotion, Papa Dietrich saw something shining which was not steel; something yellow which was not moonlight. He stooped and picked up Fritz's lost \$20 gold-piece.

Then he shouted for Nellie. Jess is back again. The down-hill gait has been reversed. Another chicken-pie is proposed at the Dietrich homestead, and half the population along the banks of the Wabash, far away, has been bidden to partake.

Quite a Relief. He—Clarice, you know I have always thought a great deal of you, and I have flattered myself you think not unfavorably of me. May I—will you be my wife?

She—What a start you gave me, Harry! Do you know, I thought you were going to ask me to lend you some money?—Boston Transcript.

It Proved Fatal. Lady—Aren't you the poor man to whom I gave a piece of my cake the other day?

Tramp—No'm; dat wuz me twin brother Bill. He croaked de next day after eatin' dat cake, an' I thought mebbe you'd gimme a quarter ter help erect a marble shaft to his mem'ry.—Chicago Daily News.

In many cases, Father Byrd called to one of the oldest pieces of advice. Father enough a happy strain. His rent what was the early condition of placed it in the schools in this violin-book in the pocket. He paid a glowing peg in the late Father Hogan, who the farm church of the Immaculate Jesus in West Bloomfield in 1862, town, then well known to the older wags, and Bloomfield parish which then stood in the Montclair parish get his name. He paid a fine tribute to his work, and he also spoke the attorney and the general saddle horses. The people of the saddle horses supported their rector in all that he did, and he gave them a

Continued on page 2.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. WM. H. VAN GIBSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
No. 393 Franklin Street, opp. Washington Avenue,
Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M., 7 to 8 P. M.
Telephone call Bloomfield 22.

S. C. HAMILTON, D. D. S.,
DENTIST,
No. 32 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Telephone No. 684—Bloomfield.

NELSON M. CHITTERLING, D.D.S.,
New National Bank Building,
Cor. Broad Street & Bloomfield Avenue,
Bloomfield, N. J.
Entrance on Broad Street.
Hours: 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5:30 P. M.
Telephone No. 62-A.

D. W. F. HARRISON,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
Office and Residence:
329 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: 8 to 9:30 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M.
Telephone No. 124—Montclair.

Frederick R. Pilch Henry G. Pilch.
PILCH & PILCH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
22 CLINTON STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Residence of F. R. Pilch, 76 Water Street.

HALSEY M. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office, 750 Broad St., Newark.
Residence, Elm St., Bloomfield.

CHARLES F. KOCHER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Lawyers' Building, 285 Bloomfield Avenue,
164 Market Street.

W. M. DOUGLAS MOORE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
149 Broadway, New York City.
Residence, 12 Austin Place,
Bloomfield, N. J.

EDWIN A. RAYNER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
NEWARK, N. J. BLOOMFIELD,
800 Broad Street, Residence:
Rooms 48 & 50, 8th Floor, No. 260 Washington St.

GALLAGHER, VAN LIEW & BROWER
LAW OFFICES,
105 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

88 Monroe Place, Bloomfield, N. J.
LOCK BOX 144.

A. H. OLMFSTED,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
Office: National Bank Building.
Residence: 279 Belleville Avenue,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

W. M. J. MAIER,
TEACHER OF VIOLIN AND PIANO.
Music furnished for Weddings, Recep-
tions, etc.

140 FAIRMOUNT AVENUE, NEWARK, N. J.

Chas. W. Martin,
WHOLESALE
and RETAIL
GROCER.

SPECIALTIES:

CREAMERY AND

DAIRY

BUTTER.

Telephone No. 10-a.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH R. OAKES,
deceased.

Pursuant to the order of Joseph R. Oakes, Esq., of the County of Essex, this day made out by the undersigned, the undersigned Esquire of said deceased, is appointed to give to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claim and demands against the estate of said deceased, within six months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

MARY J. OAKES,
EDWARD OAKES,
Probate Building,
Newark, N. J.

and Embalmers.

808 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything Pertaining to the Business
Furnished.

WITNESSED:

JOHN G. KEYLER & SON,

General Furnishing

Undertakers

808 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything Pertaining to the Business
Furnished.

WITNESSED:

JOHN G. KEYLER & SON,

General Furnishing

Undertakers

808 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything Pertaining to the Business
Furnished.

WITNESSED:

JOHN G. KEYLER & SON,

General Furnishing

Undertakers

808 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything Pertaining to the Business
Furnished.

WITNESSED:

JOHN G. KEYLER & SON,

General Furnishing

Undertakers

808 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything Pertaining to the Business
Furnished.

WITNESSED:

JOHN G. KEYLER & SON,

General Furnishing

Undertakers

808 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything Pertaining to the Business
Furnished.

WITNESSED:

JOHN G. KEYLER & SON,

General Furnishing

Undertakers

808 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything Pertaining to the Business
Furnished.

WITNESSED:

JOHN G. KEYLER & SON,

General Furnishing

Undertakers

808 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything Pertaining to the Business
Furnished.

WITNESSED:

JOHN G. KEYLER & SON,

General Furnishing

Undertakers

808 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything Pertaining to the Business
Furnished.

WITNESSED:

JOHN G. KEYLER & SON,

General Furnishing